

THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

three heads of prowess. All the
men and
women work together in the fields,
and if
provided with blankets will wear
them round
their necks. A Durbar was
recently held
where the Bramahputra issues
from the
Himalayas in the lands of this
tribe. A
grand old chief walked in *au naturel*
with a
bowler hat on his head as a
concession to
civilisation. He stalked down the
hall, threw
down his tribute of amber, the only
money
they have, before the Deputy
Commissioner,
looked at the Sahibs with most
absolute con-
tempt, and walked out. An eye-
witness de-
scribed this scene to me as unique of
its kind !

The light of the Indian night is a
light
which never was on sea or land,
outside India.

The lime-light of the stage is the
nearest
idea one can give of it, a light by
which one
can see to read, yet in all that seems
crude and
garish by day is transformed. The
stucco of
the Chandni Chowk becomes
marble, the
mosques become mother-of-pearl
memories.

The moon, and she is always with
us, is a
round silver ball, not a wan wisp.
When the
sun goes down on our days of travail,
Venus
beams above our nights of love.

When Anglo-Indian chatter is
for a few

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hours